THE CATS OF LONG AGO

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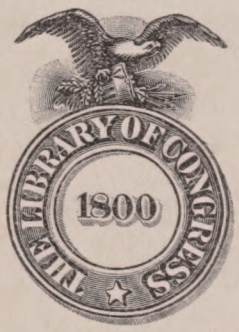

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Frontispiece

The Cats of Long Ago

and Other Stories

Compiled by

ANNE SPOTTSWOOD YOUNG

New York: EATON & MAINS
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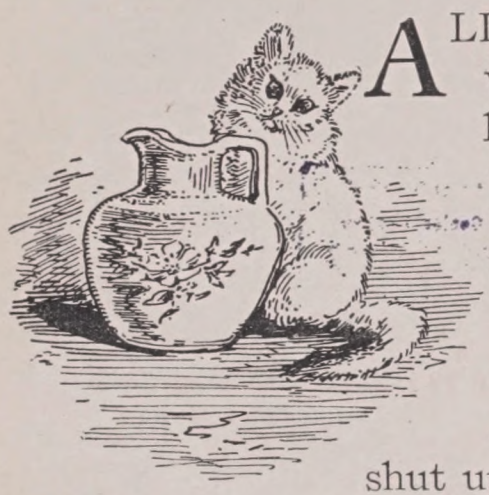
THE CATS OF LONG AGO



ALL you little folks who love cats and kittens as pets, so soft and pretty and cunning, will be interested to hear something new about them. A cat hates to be shut up, you know, and likes to come and go just as she pleases—hence the image of a cat placed on battle shields and banners indicated liberty. This meant in olden times that the knights or the princes or the kings—any who fought under that emblem—were their own masters, and would not endure slavery. Then, too, long, long ago, hundreds of years before Christ came to the world, the people in Egypt loved cats also, but not in just the same way that we love them, for they worshiped them, and thought they were gods, and they built a temple and dedicated it to

the goddess of cats, who was called Pasht. Here in this temple multitudes of beautiful cats were cared for, and when any of them died their bodies were carefully embalmed with great ceremony and pomp, and they were buried back of the temple. So carefully were they embalmed that, even now, hundreds of years after their death, explorers are finding cat mummies, and some of them have been sent to museums, where you can see them for yourself if you hunt for them among the Egyptian mummies.

Cats were strangely loved and worshiped in those days by the Egyptians. They did not know then that all their gods were false, for that was long before Christianity brought peace and comfort to the world.

THE SINGING OF DICKY BIRD

SWINGING in his gilded cage was Dicky Bird, chirping gaily to the wild birds as they sped by.

"Why do you hang Dicky Bird out in the arbor close to the street when you hear the men coming on their way to the mills?" asked Dorothy.

"Watch the men's faces as they pass by," suggested grandma, "and perhaps you will see for yourself."

Soon Dorothy exclaimed, as the tramp, tramp, of the hurrying men reached her ears:

"They're coming, they're coming—the men."

Dick never sang more sweetly.

"The first man looked so gloomy before he heard Dick," said Dorothy later; "but

when he heard the music he just smiled all over and walked ever so much more briskly. Then that lame man was saying something real cross to the boy that was with him, but when he noticed Dick's singing he just laughed his ugly words away. The man with the dinner pail never looked up till he got opposite, and when he heard Dick he began to whistle. And then—why, grandma, Dick just made them all over and got them ready for work."

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THE AWFULEST TIMES

THE awfulest times that ever could be
They had with two little lads of Dundee,
Who never would finish their crusts.
And what do you think soon came to pass?
In vain they besought them,
And patiently taught them,
But, no, they wouldn't,

They couldn't, they shouldn't.
These little lads of Dundee, alas!
Who wouldn't take crusts in the regular way,
Sat down to a feast one summer's day;
And what did the people those little folks give?
Why, a dish of bread-pudding, as sure as I live!

HER OTHER NAME

HAVE you ever read the story of little "But Then"? Her real name was Alice, but they called her little "But Then," and I will tell you why. Her face was like a sunbeam and she was always looking for every bit of good she could find in everybody and everything. When Freddie came home and told in a ridiculous way the story of the new boy's first day at school, and how odd he looked in his brother's outgrown coat and trousers, little Alice began with her most earnest air: "Yes, but then I didn't hear him say one naughty word all day, and he helped poor little Kelly out of the mud when he fell down."

"That's just the way with you, little 'But

Then,''' laughed Freddie. But he always loved Alice more than ever after such a speech as that; he couldn't help it.

When the day for the picnic, which Alice and Fred had planned, dawned gray and cold, Freddie puckered his mouth ready to complain, but Alice soon snatched away all the frowns. "I know it's going to rain, Freddie, but then you know we can cut those paper chains and hang them all over the attic and eat our picnic dinner up there. And it'll be nearly as nice as in the woods'' (with an extra emphasis on the "nearly'').

"All right, little 'But Then,''' said Fred-

die, cheering up. A play with little "But Then," in the attic was almost as good as a picnic, any day.

When she fell and broke her arm and had to have it bandaged for many days, she said over and over to her friends as they sympathized with her: "Yes, it hurts,

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live;"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Was that somebody you?

but then it could be worse. I might have broken both arms, you know."

And so it was by always trying to see the good and cheerful side that Alice came to be called little "But Then." Would it not be worth while owning such a name if it stood for a sunny disposition like hers that always smiled at discouragements and tried to find the good and lovely in everybody?

LITTLE WITCHES

GRANDMA says we are little witches,
Make her drop so many stitches,
Laughing till she fairly shakes
At our pranks; but she mistakes.
For when I brought my little basket
(Just myself, she didn't ask it)
To hunt her stitches on the floor
(A dozen dropped, she said, or more),
There wasn't one that I could find;
Poor grandma must be getting blind!

PLAYING GROWN UP

WHAT fun it is to drag long skirts and old hats out of the attic trunks, and play "Grown up." It does seem sometimes to little folks as if mothers and aunts ought to be supremely happy, just because they can wear long, trailing skirts that swish delightfully when they walk. And when you and your little friends give a play-reception, how very polite you always are! Your gloves are entirely too big, and you trip over your long skirts at every step, and when you put on a big, flapping hat to complete your costume you are sure to hear the question, "Hat, where are you going with that little girl?" But it's all so much fun! Now, nearly everything you do at your play-reception has some sort of a history about it. You saw your brother take off his glove to shake hands with you while you were playing, and this was very courteous indeed, but there was a very good reason for this custom long ago. The brave knights who lived in old England many years ago used to wear heavy iron gauntlets

on their hands, and these metal gloves were so big and clumsy that no knight could shake hands with a hostess until he took off his glove. He offered his right hand ungloved to prove his friendship, for that left his sword unprotected and showed that he did not wish to use it. For the same reason he removed his head-piece, too—his helmet, it was called—when he entered the castle, just as a man takes off his hat today. When he kept his helmet on it showed that he was prepared for an enemy.

Then you have noticed in church that a man usually sits in the end of the pew, nearest the aisle. That custom was started in war time, when the men carried their rifles and guns to church to be ready for the Indians should they suddenly appear. They always sat in the end of the pew so they could get out of church easily, and protect the women and children. The next time you play "grown up" you can tell the rest of the children the reason of all these customs, which are so natural to us that we scarcely ever think of them at all.

HOW THEY PLAYED DRAGON

LITTLE Ah Lee and little Oh Me
Played in the shade of a mulberry tree.
Said little Ah Lee to little Oh Me:
"A terrible dragon I'm going to be,
And I'll catch you and eat you up, little Oh Me!"

"Please don't, and I'll give you a rosebud," said she;
"But dragons don't care about rosebuds," said he.
"Then I'll give you my tiny pink slippers," said she.

"Why, dragons don't ever wear *shoes*," laughed Ah Lee.
"Then I'll give you my necklace of coral," said she.
"But dragons don't want any coral, you see!"

"How silly of dragons! Then how would it be
If I gave you a big currant cake?" asked Oh Me.
"Why, that would be splendid!" cried little Ah Lee.

THE LEGEND OF THE TAME GOOSE

KATHERINE'S old nurse comes from the sunny Southland, and she knows more stories and legends about birds and flowers and fairies than any other nurse that ever lived, at least so Katherine thinks. Here is one of her stories about the tame goose, that is probably as old as the bird it tells about:

"Long, long ago two geese that had been lifelong friends decided to go on a great journey and find themselves a new place. On the eve of their departure one goose said to the other; 'Get all ready this evening, for, *Deo volente* (God willing), I shall start on the journey at sunup tomorrow morning.'

"'And so, my friend, will I start at sunup tomorrow morning, *Deo volente* or not,' answered the other goose.

"Just as the sun was peeping over the hilltops the next morning, the goose that had said he would start on the journey, God willing, rose joyfully, lightly in the air, and soared away to a distant country.

"How about the goose that was going, God willing or not? Well, *he did not go.* He tried to start with his friend, but found it out of the question to even so much as spread his wings. Time after time he tried to fly, but his efforts were in vain. He had lost the power of flight. He was sitting with his head down, bewailing his great misfortune, when a hunter came along, picked him up, and carried him to a farmhouse. He was never, never able to fly again, and he just had to become a tame goose.

"From that day to the present time geese have not been able to do much flying, but the wild geese soar about on their splendid pinions, just as free and happy as was their ancestor that said he would start on the journey, God willing."

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PUNCH AND JUDY

DONALD and Dorothy are two little English children — two dear little twins. The birthday presents they liked best of all were a beautiful, big, shaggy dog named "Bounce," and two dolls named "Punch" and "Judy." Bounce was Donald's, and of course the dolls belonged to Dorothy. These little folks had the most

beautiful gardens to play in, and in the gardens were a little silver lake with white ducks floating about, and pretty little canoes to play with; and flowers and trees were in the gardens, and many things else that make children happy. Bounce behaved beautifully and made warm friends of everyone in a very short time. But when the children took him down to the lake, what *do* you think happened? Bounce was carrying Punch and Judy on his back for a ride, when suddenly he caught sight of some ducks sailing about on the pond, and before Donald and Dorothy realized what he was going to do, away he flew right into the water. Such a splashing followed, and how those poor ducks did squawk and flutter in surprise and terror. Poor Punch and Judy fell into the water, and they might have been drowned if Bounce had not been an obedient dog. He came back when Donald called him and swam after the dolls and brought them safely to shore, and he said just as plainly as a dog could say it that he was very sorry indeed. These

dog friends of little folks have so much in them almost human.

But after this experience Donald and Dorothy knew that though they could "play horse" with Bounce, and put their dolls on his back, they must see to it first that there were no ducks or rabbits or squirrels in sight.

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NAMING THE BABY

THE naming of the baby is an important matter in all countries. In India if there is a difference of opinion, and the father wants one name for the baby and the mother wants another name, two lighted lamps are placed upon slips of paper on which are written the names. These lamps are carefully watched, and the name over which the flame burns brighter is the one that is chosen. In Egypt the father and mother choose three names and three can-

dles and they give each candle one of these names. The candles are then lighted, and the one that burns the longest gives its name to the little one. In some parts of Japan the father chooses the name, but this choice is not made until the little boy or girl is five years of age. Over in China little girls are thought so little of that often they are just numbered "one," "two," and "three," while the baby boys receive all the honor and all the love of the household. These baby boys are given as fine a name as the father can think of, and when they grow up the father gives them another name, so they really have two names, and the little girls often have none at all. In Bible days, long ago, names for little folks were chosen with great care, and the meaning of the name very often told of the great faith which the father and mother had in

God's love and care. All of the prophets' names had some great meaning in them. Ezekiel meant the "Strength of God," and Isaiah, the "Salvation of the Lord." Then in the New Testament we find that Mary, the Madonna, or Miriam, which is the Hebrew name, means "Star of the Sea," and the name of John, the beloved disciple, means the "Gracious Gift of God."

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THE JOKE THE SQUIRREL PLAYED

ONCE a squirrel played a funny joke on some little children. The children had worked all morning gathering nuts to take home with them to the city. They had to go far over the fields and through the woods to find the nuts, and when lunch

time came they were both tired and hungry. Now, it happened that the squirrels were hunting nuts also, and were making many trips to and from their nests, laying up their winter store of food. The little folks put all the nuts they found out on the porch roof in the sunshine, thinking that was the safest place for them, and then went down to luncheon. They had no sooner disappeared than one of the busy squirrels saw the precious horde as he was frisking about the tree branches, and, being a squirrel of some sense, he decided that it was a waste of time to go away over to the "Hazel Glades" for nuts when such a fine array of them was right at hand. A tree grew near the house, so up the tree he ran and onto the roof he jumped—making a big flying leap—and away he scampered with his mouth full of stolen property. By and by some one in the dining room said: "There must be a nest of squirrels in that tree. They are running up and down all the time." "Oh," cried one of the children, after she had watched for a minute, "it is the same

squirrel each time. Maybe he is stealing our nuts!'' And away went the little folks from the table pell-mell upstairs. The mischievous little squirrel was just disappearing down the tree, and only three lonely nuts were rolling about on the roof! All the rest had been carefully stowed away in the squirrel's nest, and much of his fall work had been done in one hour. For a few minutes the children felt like crying, but that would have done no good, so they laughed instead, and after the first disappointment they treated it all as a good joke, and said the squirrel was very bright and cute to play such a trick on them. But the next time they gathered nuts you may be sure they hid them safe away from the little squirrel robber.

WHEN MOTHER

WENT AWAY

OVERY many weeks ago,
There was a dreadful day:
The very worst I ever knew,
For mother went away.
And we all promised to be good,
And mind Aunt Jane as children should.

But baby chewed the Noah's ark,
Which made him very ill;
And Kenneth opened father's ink—
The kind that's sure to spill;
And Ted fell down and bumped his head
So very hard, he went to bed.

Then nobody at all was left
To play, but only me.
And so I thought I'd live a while
Up in the apple tree.
But then I tore my sailor dress
In fourteen places, more or less,

And all of us just cried a peck
Of tears, or maybe more,
Until the silk of mother's skirts
Came swishing in the door.
I think she'll never go again—
At least she said she wouldn't—then.

HE FOLLOWED HIM TO SCHOOL

THE teacher of a district school in Maine tells a story that will remind you of Mary and her little lamb, only it is of Joe and his little dog.

Joe was a boy about eight years old, and was devoted to a small, lank puppy. Out of school hours boy and dog were inseparable, and Joe apparently could not reconcile himself to the necessity of leaving the dog at home. For several mornings the teacher allowed the puppy to remain at Joe's feet under the desk. Then there came a day when the small dog could not be kept quiet, but frisked about, to the delight of the school and the dismay of the teacher.

"Joe," she said firmly, "you must take that dog out."

Joe looked at her mournfully, but picked up the pup and, with his head against his cheek, started for the door. The boy's feelings were evidently hurt, but he said nothing until he reached the door; then,

giving his teacher a reproachful look, with a pitying glance toward his dog, he said, slowly: "And he's named for you!"

ABOUT UMBRELLAS

AGES ago only kings and queens and members of the royal family carried umbrellas, for an umbrella was a sign of royalty and power. Today they are so common that we scarcely give them thought except when a storm comes up. About one hundred years ago, however, a physician living in Edinburg created much fun for his neighbors by carrying on a rainy day an umbrella, which he had brought as the latest thing from Paris. Small boys followed after him, jeering and laughing and making all manner of fun of him, but the good doctor held on to his umbrella, nevertheless, because he thought it was a splendid thing to keep the rain off when he called on his patients during wet and stormy weather. Very soon after that umbrellas became popular among the rich people, and then gradually they became so inexpensive that even very poor folk could own them.

We find umbrellas pictured in some of the sculpture of Egypt. In the East the habits of the nations change slowly, and thus it happens that many of the umbrellas there are still very costly; and the Sultan himself is often called "Lord of the Umbrella." The umbrella has an ancient history. It boasts of a long pedigree—that is, it *would* boast if it could; but in America and England it is purely and simply a thing of use; a good, honest, steady friend to every schoolboy and girl when the wintry weather brings the snow, rain and sleet.

THE WEATHER'S TELLTALE

IN WINTER

OLD Thermometer said, with a shake of his head
"Whate'er weather-prophets may state,
It won't thaw for days, so I'll put on my coat,
And I'll go to the park for a skate:
I don't know a thing about skating, it's true,
But no doubt I shall do just as well
As the rest of the people who venture on ice;"
And
So
The
Ther-
Mo-
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Fell

IN SPRING

THE Thermometer said, as he turned in his bed,
"The sun has been up for an hour:
In the east there are baby clouds, chubby and pink,
And there's dew in the heart of each flower;
The birds are a-twitter, the cows crop the grass,
'Twould be strange were I longer to doze,
When I *might* be awake in the beautiful world!"
Rose
Ter
Me-
Mo-
Ther-
The
So
And

ONE WAY TO WIN

GRANDMA, busy with her basket of darning, smiled as she watched the three town boys from the window. There was a game of ball in progress in the back yard.

She was not the only one who watched them, however. Out in the road were three or four poorly dressed boys who, attracted by the shouting and laughing in a yard usually so quiet, were looking through the fence. "Town kids," muttered one to another, beginning to dislike the ball players at once, though they could not have told why, except that the newcomers were better dressed and seemed to be having a good time, in which those outside the fence were

not sharing. Presently one of them called his comment aloud:

"Dudes!"

"Rag-bag!" promptly responded Guy.

"Such playing!" sneered the boys outside.

"If you don't like it, you needn't watch it. Clear out!" shouted the boys inside.

Back and forth over the fence the sharp words flew, and, of course, it was only a few minutes before an occasional stick or stone was flying also. Then, by an unlucky toss, the ball went over, and that ended the game, for the boys refused to give it up.

"Oh, no, we won't throw it back, sonny! You don't know how to play with it, anyhow, so 'taint no use to you," they answered, mockingly, to all demands for its return. "You didn't have to throw it over, and we don't have to throw it back."

Angry, and fearful of losing their ball altogether, the young visitors hurried into the house with the story of their wrongs.

"They're spoiling all our fun, and we can't drive them away, and now they've got the ball."

"And you can't make them go away and let you alone?" asked grandma.

"No'm! We talked to 'em, and—and threw things at 'em, and everything!"

"Well, well! Maybe you didn't throw anything that hit them in the right place,"

said grandma, severely. "I won't have them tormenting you in any such way; I'll throw something that will send them off in a hurry!"

She marched into the pantry, and the boys looked at each other with much surprise mingling with their satisfaction. They wanted the intruders driven off, but the idea of sweet-faced grandma throwing dishes! Or had she gone for bricks? or hot water? She hurried out of the door, and they followed her, but they could not distinctly see what missile she sent over the fence.

"Don't say anything to them. Wait and see what they will do," she said to the wondering boys on the step.

But after a few minutes of silence they could not resist the temptation to tiptoe over the grass and peep through into the road. There sat the enemy around a torn paper sack, eating some of grandma's delicious doughnuts.

"Humph!" said Charlie.

"Here's your ball," said a rather subdued

voice outside, and the treasure dropped at Charlie's feet. "We didn't mean to keep it, anyway. We was only foolin'. We're goin' fishin'."

"They've gone, haven't they?" inquired grandma, as the three boys came back to the house. "You can nearly always make people peaceable by throwing at them, if only you throw the right things."

The boys laughed, though they looked a little ashamed; for often afterward, when there was danger of getting into a quarrel, one or the other would say, warningly, "Better throw a doughnut."

Jack, Jill and the Mermaid.

JACK and Jill they were called for fun, because like the two children in the nursery rhyme they were always climbing over the hills, and carrying pails of water, and falling down—that is, they were doing these things in the summertime at the seashore. Now, Jack and Jill were forever talking about mermaids, and wondering what they looked like. There was no use to tell them that such beautiful creatures did not really live in the sea, because they were sure they would come across a mermaid some day if they only looked long enough. But at the end of the summer the mermaid was still unfound, and to comfort Jack and Jill, who were really sadly disappointed in spite of the host of

beautiful shells and pebbles they had gathered together, someone who loved these little children wrote this rhyme about them, and they thought that was the next best thing to seeing the mermaid for themselves:

Jack and Jill, looking for shells
on the shore,
Wandered and wandered, and still
wandered more.
Turned round a corner — and
what should be there
But a real, alive Mermaid comb-
ing her hair.

She was too scared to get away,
They were so pleased, they had
to stay;
So they all stopped and stared—
just so—
As I have drawn them here, to
show.

Jack was brimming with questions bold,
Things he had wanted so much to be told;
As for Jill, she could only stare
At little Miss Mermaid's tail and hair.

But before anything could be said,
Little Miss Mermaid turned her head,
Two quick wriggles, a splash of foam,
Little Miss Mermaid had gone back home.
So Jack was left with the wondering Jill,
And his questions all unanswered still.

IF you are tempted to reveal
A tale someone to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

These narrow gates: first, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest—"Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

STORY OF THE DANDELION

THERE lived once upon a time, in a tiny green camp by the roadside, a soldier all alone. He had traveled a long way from a dark, underground country, bent on seeing the world.

The first thing that he saw was a broad field full of waving banners, and he thought, "What a beautiful place I have discovered!" and pitched his tent among the green grasses.

The raindrop elves saw how tired and dirty he was from his long journey northward, and refreshed him with a shower bath. Through the clouds came the sunbeam fairies, bringing him a handsome uniform of green and gold and a quiver of golden arrows. Then he was very happy, and

cheered many a weary traveler with his sunny face.

By and by spring went away, the birds finished building their nests, and the butterflies and grasshoppers came to herald summer. The soldier began to feel tired, and knew that he was growing old. His gay uniform had faded, and the golden arrows had turned to silver, and the wind brownies shot them far away.

The soldier crept down among the green grasses, and his little camp was left empty. Everywhere that his silver arrows fell there blossomed bright golden flowers—"dandelions," children called them.

BEST TIME OF ALL

SING a song of snowtime,
Now it's passing by,
Million little fleecy flakes
Falling from the sky;
When the ground is covered,
And the hedge and trees,
There will be a gay time
For the chickadees.

Boys are in the schoolhouse,
Drawing on their slates
Pictures of the coasting-place
And thinking of their skates;
Girls are nodding knowingly,
Smilingly about,
Thinking of a gay time
When the school is out.

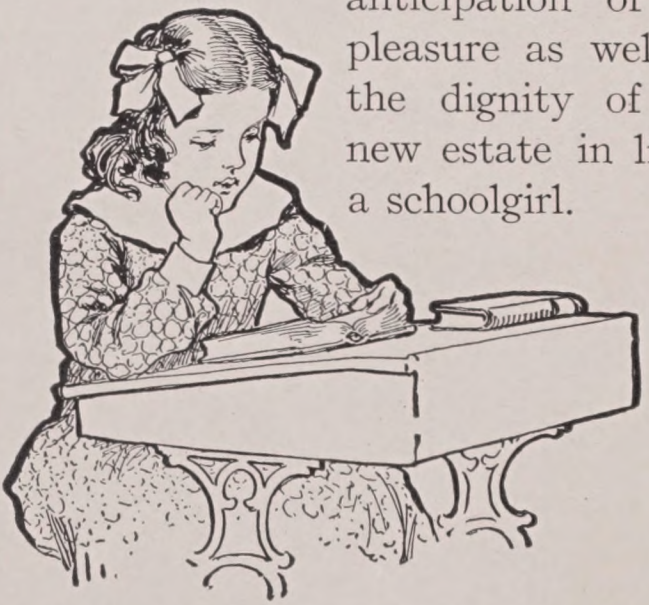
Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Bang! goes the bell;
Get your hats and cloaks and wraps
Hurry off, pell-mell!
Bring along the coasters, all,
If you want some fun;
Up to the hilltop,
Jump and slide and run!

Steady now! Ready now!
Each one in his place!
Here we go, there we go,
Down on a race!
Sing a song of snowtime,
When the flakes fall;
Coast-time, skate-time,
Best time of all!

CAROLYN'S PRESENT

CAROLYN had been in a state of excitement for days, for at last her mother had consented to let her attend school.

When the morning came, the little maid trotted off with her eyes shining in happy anticipation of the pleasure as well as the dignity of her new estate in life—a schoolgirl.



When she came home at noon, her mother said: "Well, dearest, how do you like going to school?"

"I like it pretty well, mother," was the

reply in doubtful tones; "but I haven't my present yet."

"Your present? What do you mean, Carolyn?"

"Why, this morning teacher said, 'You may sit here for the present, little girl,' but I sat there all the morning, and didn't get it. P'r'aps, though," and she brightened up, "I'll get it this afternoon."

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PAYING BACK

GRACE and Allan were trying hard to think of some way to "pay back that mean Ben Harris," as Grace declared. She was sitting by her brother on the bench in the garden, slowly swinging one foot. "We'll pay him well, and see if he won't be sorry for breaking our cart."

"But perhaps he didn't mean to," said Allan.

"Yes, he did; I know him. And I know what we'll do. We will let out his new pigeons, and then he will be sorry for a while."

Away the children ran across the garden to where Ben's pigeon house was built on the other side of the fence.

"Now, Allan, you hold this board steady while I climb up and open the door," commanded Grace.

Allan did as he was told, and Grace managed to reach up and open the door.

"There the old things go! I hope he doesn't catch them again!" Grace cried.

"Hello, Allan!" called a voice, whose sound almost made Grace fall off the fence. "Here's a new tongue I made for your cart. I didn't mean to break the other one."

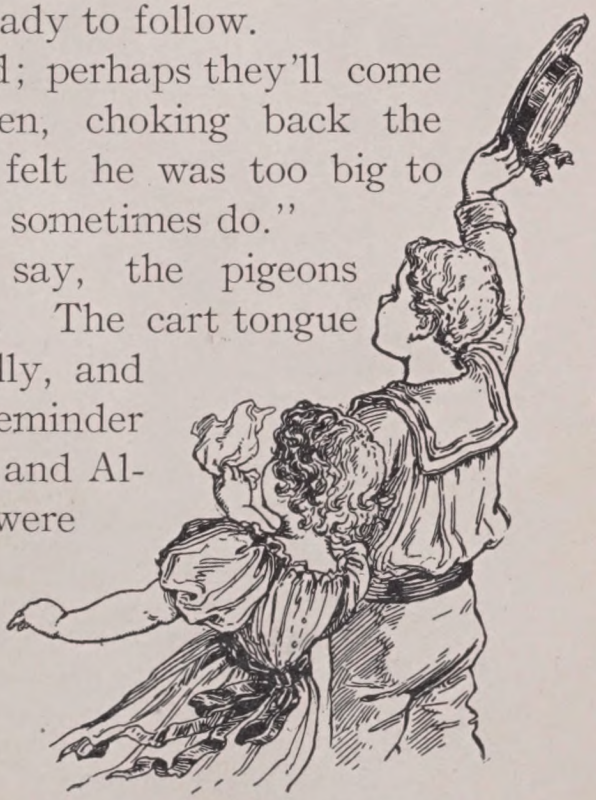
Grace and Allan could say nothing, for there stood Ben, the wagon tongue in his

hand, staring at the open door of the pigeon house.

"Who opened that door, I wonder? Oh, close it quick, Gracie, or the pigeons will get out."

"They are out," said Grace, beginning to sob. "I let them out, and they flew away. I thought you broke the cart on purpose, and—and—" Grace burst into tears, and Allan looked ready to follow.

"Never mind; perhaps they'll come back," said Ben, choking back the tears that he felt he was too big to show. "They sometimes do."



Strange to say, the pigeons did come back. The cart tongue fitted beautifully, and it acted as a reminder to both Grace and Allan when they were tempted to "pay out" anyone whom they thought had injured them.

O THIS way, that way, up and down,
The boys and the girls of Popham town
Their hoops were always rolling.
From Monday morning till Saturday night,
If the clouds were dark, or the skies were bright,
Still over the pavements smooth and white,
Those hoops went merrily bowling.

They rolled and they rolled right out of the town,
And up to the hilltop, and over the down
Where the timid sheep were strolling;
And when they came to the end of the world
Right over the edge they merrily whirled,
And out where the little white cloudlets curled
They still kept on a-rolling.

It might be cold and it might be hot,
July or December, it mattered not
To the boys and the girls of Popham.
Till at last the hoops were bewitched, they say,
By mischievous mites of elves, one day!
And lo, and behold, they ran away,
And the children couldn't stop 'em.

Long stood the children, and gazed and gazed,
Then home they went with their sticks, amazed,
When the evening bells were tolling;
But still they wonder and stare each night,
To see if perchance when the stars are bright
The hoops of Popham, their lost delight,
May still in the sky be rolling!

A GREAT PATIENT

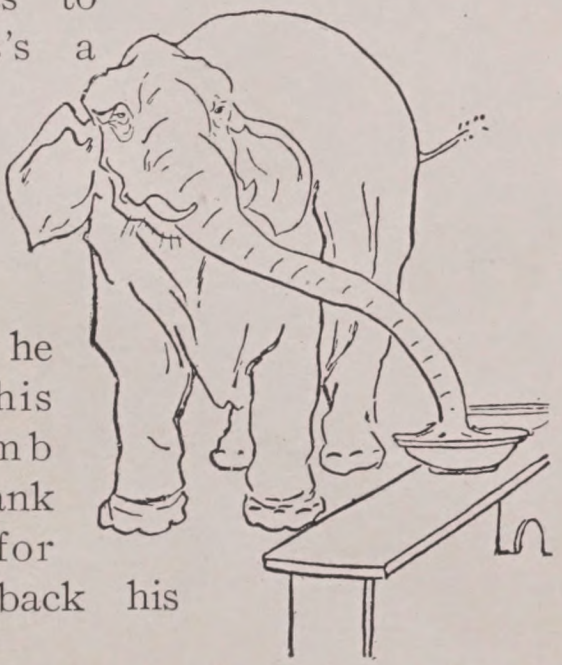
CALCUTTA is a fine, large city on the northeast coast of India, and one who lived there tells a strange but true story of how a doctor cured the biggest patient he ever had. This patient was a huge elephant, who, for a long time, had suffered from a disease in his eyes, which at last got so bad that he could not see.

His owner, an English officer, went to Doctor Webb, and begged him to come and see what could be done. He did, and after looking carefully at the giant creature, the doctor said: "The best cure I know of is nitrate of silver, but it will give a good deal of pain."

Perhaps some of my readers whose friends have bad eyes, have heard the name of this remedy. Well, the owner said he had better try, and if the animal would not allow it, he must give it up.

But—would you believe it?—the elephant, who, like most of his race, was as

wise as he was big, found so much relief from his first day's doctoring that when Doctor Webb visited him the next day, he lay down of his own accord, placed his great heavy head on one side, curled up his great heavy trunk, and then, just as you or I might if we were going to bear some dreadful pain, he drew in his breath and lay perfectly still. The healing medicine was dropped into each eye, and when the sharp, short pain was gone he gave a great sigh, as much as to say: "That's a good thing got over, I feel all the better for it!" When he got up he tried, in his poor, dumb fashion, to thank his friend for giving him back his sight.



WHEN DOROTHY ANN TALKED

"DOROTHY ANN, are you sleepy?" asked Dollikins.

Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red wax lips.

Dollikins gave her a little shake. "Dear me," she said, "I do wish you could talk! I am so tired having a doll that never answers, no matter

how much I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep."

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up in her crib, and opened her blue eyes wide.

"Mamma!" she said.

"Oh, you can talk," cried Dollikins, joyfully.

"Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft," said Dorothy Ann in a complaining voice, "and you forgot to take off my shoes."

"I am sorry," said Dollikins.

"And I didn't have anything but mashed potatoes for my dinner!" cried Dorothy Ann. "I don't like mashed potatoes. Why don't I have things that I like, mamma?"

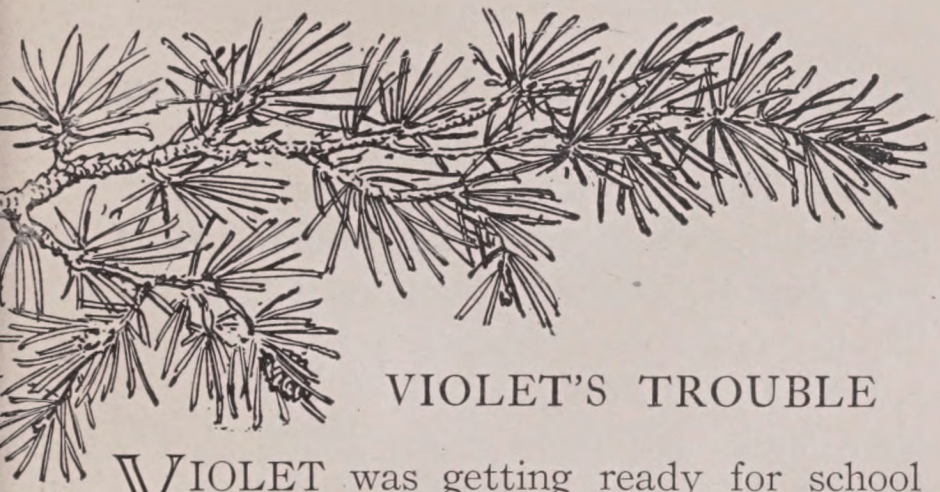
Dollikins' cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" wailed Dorothy Ann. "Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other little girls don't. I wish—"

"Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins, "will you please not talk any more? It makes my head ache." Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over and took up Dorothy Ann and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

"Good morning, Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins; "I am very glad that you do not know how to talk, my dear, for then you might be a sore trial to your mother."



VIOLET'S TROUBLE

VIOLET was getting ready for school with tears in her eyes and distress in her heart. The family all looked troubled, too. And the cause of it was Violet's tooth —a tiny tooth so loose that it was held in place only by a wee thread, but she could not get up the courage to have it taken out.

Papa and mamma had tried to buy the privilege of taking it out; they had offered a new doll carriage and countless other things dear to Violet's heart, but she could not even bear to open her mouth.

So she started off for school, a forlorn little figure with her burden of sorrow, so small to grown-up folks, but so real and heavy to little ones.

"Miss Carey will be sorry for me,"

thought poor Violet. "I'll tell her first as soon as I get to school."

Now, Miss Carey was the nicest kind of a teacher. Sometimes she would find a way out of troubles when even mothers had given up.

It was a very sad, tear-stained little face that Violet lifted to Miss Carey. "Oh, teacher, I've got a loose tooth," she said.

"Let me see it, dear," said she, taking Violet on her lap. "Why, Violet, it's the cutest little tooth! And you haven't even seen it! Wait just a minute, and I'll get it for you." And in an instant Miss Carey was holding it up in her fingers.

"Isn't it cunning?" went on the teacher, opening her desk. "I'll wrap it up in this silver paper, and after it teaches us a lesson this morning you shall take it home in this little round box."

How interesting it seemed! Violet felt quite grand that her tooth was so important.

After school began Miss Carey held up the tiny tooth and told a funny story of

the white workers who live in a red prison, and how they want to get out and make room for bigger ones.

At noon Violet hurried home with her little box, eager to tell how her tooth had "helped teach school."

"Why were you brave enough to let Miss Carey pull it out, when you didn't want me to touch it?" said mamma.

Violet looked puzzled.

"Why, she did pull it out, didn't she?" she said, slowly. "I never thought of that. Miss Carey said it was so cunning that I wanted to see it, and she got it, and showed it to the class, and I never thought it was really out till now. And it did not hurt me one bit either. Oh, how glad I am!"

"I HAVEN'T TIME"

"DEAR me," said Sue, "isn't it mean that there's not time for things?"

"For what?" asked a white-haired lady, tilting her head on one side like a bird to see if a bit of pink muslin looked well beside a brown gingham triangle.

"I mean extras," said Sue, settling herself on the rug in front of the crackling fire. "Of course, I have to get my lessons and practice and do my part of the housework; but these are things I want to do, and plan to do, and don't do."

The grandmother had decided that the brown gingham needed something brighter than pink, so she was busily hunting for a bit of scarlet. "Odds and ends, odds and ends," she murmured.

Sue thought her grandmother might pay attention, and she went on in a louder tone. "Now, I decided Sunday to run in and see old Mrs. Williams, and write to Pauline to

keep her from being homesick at boarding school, and lend Nell some of my birthday books; and here it is Saturday, and I've not done any of them, only regular things."

"What time was it when you began to talk to me?" asked Grandmother.

"A quarter to twelve, I think."

"And now it is—"

"Three minutes of twelve."

"Could you write one page of a letter to Pauline in ten minutes?"

"Oh, two; I write awfully fast, and—"

"Odds and ends of cloth make a quilt," said the grandmother, softly, "and odds and ends of time can be patched up very nicely, too."

"Oh," laughed Sue, running to the desk; "I understand! There are still a few minutes before dinner."

WHEN EVERYTHING GOES WRONG

ONE day everything seemed to go wrong with Helen. To begin with, when she got up in the morning she put the left shoe on the right foot, then she tangled the shoe laces and broke one in her hurry.

She was late for breakfast, so her oatmeal was cold. And just as she was ready to go to Nannie Gray's to play for an hour it began to rain, and she had to take off her hat and jacket and stay at home.

"There never *was* such a day!" she cried. "Everything is wrong."

"I'll tell you how to make everything right," said her grandfather.

"How, grandfather?" asked Helen, who felt quite sure that he could do almost anything.

"Just be a sunshine girl," he answered.

"A sunshine girl—Oh, grandfather, how can I? It's raining."

"The rain needn't make any difference with you," he replied.

"Well—I'll try—to be a sunshine girl." Helen spoke doubtfully. "How do I begin?"

"First you learn the rule for sunshine. Get your slate and write it down."

Helen took her slate and pencil, and he told her to write:

"When things go wrong, smile and find a better way."

Helen was smiling already; that came easy enough, for no one was ever very gloomy where her grandfather was.

"I can't go to play with Nannie, 'cause it's raining, but I can do something bet-

ter right now," cried Helen, when she had finished writing. "I can begin a birthday present for grandmother, and you can take it home to her next week when you go."

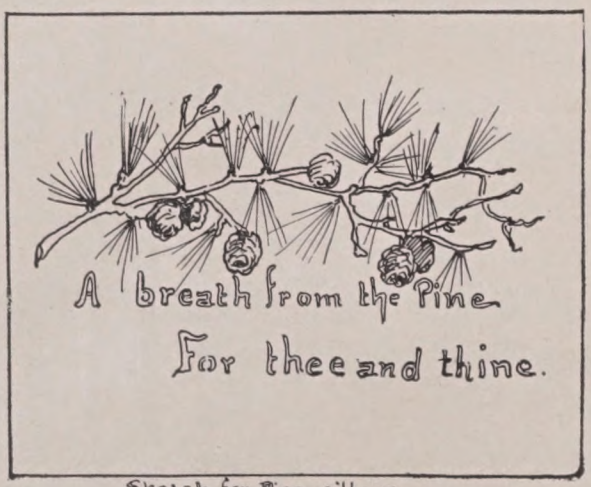
"Of course I can; that's just the thing."

"And do you s'pose she'd like a pillow cover embroidered with pretty letters and pine needles?" asked Helen.

"I s'pose she'd be delighted," replied her grandfather.

After that, when things did not go right, Helen would smile and look for a better way, and she almost always found it, too.

In time her mother and father and even big brother Harry called her "the sunshine girl."



Sketch for Pine pillow

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